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EDWARD MILES BROWN

MEMORABILIA

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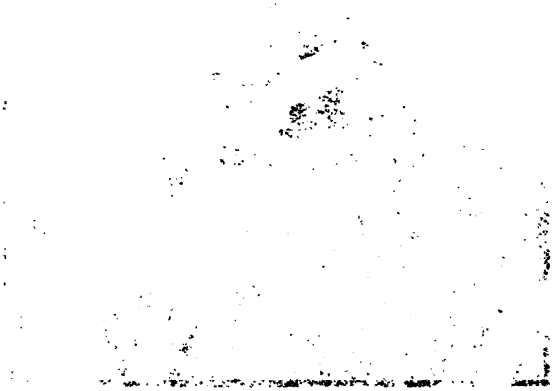

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MEMORABILIA

OF

EDWARD MILES BROWN

ASSEMBLED FOR THE ALUMNAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI BY BRYANT VENABLE, WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF CAROLINE NEFF MAXWELL AND JOHN MILLER BURNAM, AND DISTRIBUTED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF RALPH HOLTERHOFF.

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To

Mary Adkins Brown

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Mark Twain is right about it, "Affection is the most precious reward a man can desire, whether for character or achievement," and it is this note of affectionate regard in the many kind personal farewells of old students and friends that has so enriched my remembrance of the years spent among you in Cincinnati. These are the things that one cherishes throughout life. Wherever I may spend the rest of my days, I shall often think with grateful pleasure of the bright and interesting young men and women whom it was my privilege to know and in some measure to guide in their preparation for life.

E. M. B.

Schoolcraft, Michigan,
June 30, 1907.

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FOREWORD

THE death of Edward Miles Brown, Emeritus Professor of English Language and Literature at the University of Cincinnati, removed from our midst one of the ablest scholars and most inspiring teachers who have ever labored in the Middle West. Dr. Brown was recognized, not only in the universities of this country, but more especially among the famous seats of learning in the Old World, Leipzig, Goettingen, Heidelberg, Berlin, as the world authority on the language and literature of certain epochs of Anglo-Saxon development. His treatise on the

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"Sprache der Rushworth Glossen" is accepted as the standard authority on one of the most difficult and inaccessible periods of Anglo-Saxon literature. Upon the publication of this work the University of Goettingen conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Establishing a remarkably high degree of scholarship as his standard, Professor Brown not only maintained that standard in his own career, but he accomplished the still more difficult achievement of upholding this lofty ideal before his students. To him the teaching of literature was not only the means of pleasing the æsthetic instincts of his

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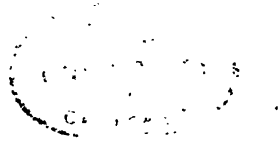

disciples. It was also the opportunity of inculcating in his students those principles of exact and scientific scholarship, which are essential to the practical and vigorous discipline of the mind. Under his directing influence the department of English at the University of Cincinnati attained to high rank, not only for its scholastic exactness, but also for the rare degree of literary appreciation and culture which it fostered and diffused. Hundreds of men and women in Cincinnati and adjoining territory have gone forth into the various walks of business and professional life, better equipped, mentally and spiritually, for having come un-

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der the influence of Dr. Brown's broad and mellow culture.

But great as were the services of this man as a teacher in the realm of higher scholarship, his example of the "Art of Living" was even a more beautiful and more uplifting gift to the community in which his lot was cast. Of the seventeen years of his occupancy of the chair of English at the University, Professor Brown lived more than twelve years a martyr to an incurable affliction of the body, which rendered him physically helpless, and made him dependent on the care of hired attendants. A rheumatic affection attacking the bony tissues of the body, totally

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deprived him of the use of his limbs. For the last ten years of his life he was unable to take so much as one step, and he had to be brought to his lecture platform in a wheeled chair. His suffering during these years was most acute.

But throughout it all, Dr. Brown bore his burden with unflinching courage and uncomplaining patience. His attendance upon his duties was unfailing in regularity and uncompromising in its fidelity. Apart from all the academic instruction which he so richly imparted, Dr. Brown, by the daily and hourly demonstration of the power of the spirit to rise above

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the infirmities of the body, exerted an influence upon his students and his co-workers, which shall remain long after the buffetings of life shall have worn away the memory of lessons conned from text-books.

On the second of October, nineteen hundred and eight, a public meeting was held in the Auditorium of the University of Cincinnati, in memory of Dr. Brown. The exercises of that occasion form the basis of this little volume, a brief tribute in grateful recognition of his heroic life and service.

B. V.
C. N. M.
J. M. B.

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THE SCHOLAR

To E. M. B.

By Alice Williams Brotherton.

The dignity of letters, the serene
  Of high philosophy, the spirit pure
  Of brooding thought; these are the things which cure
The canker custom, that would else gangrene
This age of commonplace and standards mean.
  Who sifts the ephemeral from what must endure?
  Weighs truth's least grain against the Koh-i-noor?
Who but the Scholar? This all times have seen.

Lulled is life's stir, Friend, when your study's calm
  Enfolds us; for that hour we seem to thread
The maze of Prospero's isle, to feel the balm
  Of Academe's warm breeze, to list the tread
Of feet that climb Parnassus and the psalm
  Which from Hebrew Mount of Vision downward sped!

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EDWARD MILES BROWN AND THE UNIVERSITY

Remarks of President Dabney.

IT is my office and my privilege today, at this memorial meeting, held in honor of Edward Miles Brown, to say a few words of Dr. Brown's valuable work as a member of our faculty. For more than sixteen years the University of Cincinnati reaped the benefit of his scholarship and of his experience as a teacher, and for years to come the institution will feel the touch of his molding hand in her Liberal Arts and Graduate courses. Trained to severe scholarship in the universities of Germany, and called to his

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position in Cincinnati at a time when the aims and methods of American colleges and secondary schools in teaching the English language and literature were chaotic, he steadily advocated, both for secondary schools and colleges, a system which should develop accurate knowledge of our language and at the same time should foster power of literary interpretation and appreciation. To him the study of literature was not, on the one hand, pure philosophy, nor, on the other, mere sentiment. He had no tolerance for short cuts to learning nor for showy superficialities. Inflexible in his standards, undeviating in his advocacy of

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cultural education, he yet recognized the practical demands of modern life, and in all questions pertaining to the curriculum of the University, he was on the side of a liberal conservatism; a conservatism that welcomed every real advance in thought, but that feared fads in education and therefore guarded jealously the proved wisdom of the ancients. His long connection with the University of Cincinnati gave him a thorough understanding of its large opportunity for service to the community, and his belief, the result of his experience, was that the University could serve the city is no way better than by careful, accurate training of

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young men and of young women in real knowledge. His frequent admonitions to students who expected to become teachers, or lawyers, or to enter other professions, might be summed up in few words: "Know your subject thoroughly and your subject will find an effective expression. Practical methods must be based upon wide knowledge."

Although Dr. Brown's tastes were on the side of teaching and scholarly investigation, he was never impatient of the routine work of his office. For years he devoted much of his time to editing the official publications of the University, himself reading and correcting the proof of cata-

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logues, bulletins and reports. He served on many committees, and, as always, did this work faithfully and effectively. Despite his severe physical disability, no member of the faculty was more punctual in attendance at all regular and special meetings. His judgment in academic subjects was highly valued by his fellow-professors, and his counsel was frequently sought in matters pertaining to the general interests of the University. The growth of the library was one of his chief concerns, and largely through his personal efforts he succeeded in making extensive and valuable additions to the books on the English language and literature. In

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devotion to his work, in ideals of scholarship, and in spotless and heroic personal character, he will ever be a high example to his colleagues.

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LINES TO S. J. H.

BY EDWARD MILES BROWN.

Delicate fronded ferns,
Carrying yourselves with a grace,
Fragrant petals where burns
The faintest flush of the face,

Out of the cold and the snow
Into my chamber brought,
You come to convey me, I know,
The breath of a beautiful thought.

Sweet is your presence to me,
But soon you must wither and fade,
Yet out of your death shall be
A fragrant memory made.

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A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF EDWARD MILES BROWN

Read at the University by John Miller Burnam.

EBENEZER LAKIN BROWN the father of Edward Miles Brown, was one of the pioneers of Kalamazoo County, Michigan, having emigrated from Plymouth, Vermont, to the little hamlet of Schoolcraft in 1831, only two years after the coming of the very first settlers. Mr. Brown had had limited opportunities for schooling, but for this lack he largely made up by his own diligent private study, his natural tastes and keen appreciation of literature. He acquired

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a good reading knowledge of Latin, which he maintained throughout life. His interest in educational matters is attested by the fact that he was at one time a regent of the University of Michigan. His Autobiographical Notes, written near the end of his long life of ninety years, have been brought out in the thirtieth volume of the Publications of the Michigan State Historical Society. These notes are valuable for the intimate picture they give of scenes and conditions prevalent in the West in the middle of the last century.

His wife, Mary Ann Miles, was born in the village of Hinesburgh, not far from Burlington,

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Vermont. She came to Michigan about 1850, and for some time was a teacher in the Cedar Park Seminary at Schoolcraft, which at that time enjoyed a considerable reputation, and where she is said to have been a very successful instructor, much admired by her pupils. She died in October, 1906, at the advanced age of eighty-six years.

Of Mr. Brown's children, only two survive—Mr. Addison Makepeace Brown, who is the Secretary of the Michigan State Agricultural College at Lansing, and Miss Amelia Ada Brown, the child of a former marriage, who still occupies the old homestead at Schoolcraft.

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Edward Miles Brown

Edward Miles Brown was born July 21, 1854. His early schooling was obtained at a private school, at the Cedar Park Seminary and the village high-school, all in his native village.

After the completion of his high-school course, in 1874, he served his apprenticeship at the profession which later became his life work. In 1876 he entered the University of Michigan. While here he formed the intimate personal friendship of Dr. George Hempl, with whom he kept up a correspondence throughout his life.

Immediately after being graduated from the University, he was appointed principal of the

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high-school at Laporte, Indiana. Here he made the acquaintance of Miss Mary Adkins, of Milford, Delaware, one of the teachers in his school, the charming woman whose rare gifts of mind and character were destined to influence his life more than any or all other sources of inspiration, and to share with his own, the admiration and affection of his friends.

In 1882 he removed to Grand Rapids to engage in the study of the law, but this not proving to his taste, he soon returned to his old home, where he and his brother Addison were, for the next two years, engaged in the management of the paternal es-

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tate. At this time, he and Miss Adkins were married.

From 1884 to 1886 he occupied his former position at Laporte, employing all his leisure time in special studies, foremost among which was Anglo-Saxon, this becoming the main line of his research in later years.

In 1886, Mr. and Mrs. Brown sailed for Europe, where he entered upon a three years course of study at Strassburg, Berlin, Halle and Goettingen, the last named university, in 1889, giving him, with distinction, the degree, Doctor of Philosophy.

Returning to the United States the following year, he was Acting Assistant Professor of English

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Language and Literature at Cornell. The last seventeen years of his life were devoted to the Department of English at the University of Cincinnati.

Dr. Brown was beloved and admired by all his colleagues, both personal and professional. His chair was always in its place at the table in the faculty room. Whatever he had to say on any subject which might be under discussion, was listened to with profound respect, for all recognized the sincerity of his advice and appreciated the fact that what he said was dictated by a desire to raise the standard of scholarship and in every way to further the best interests of the University.

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His private life was distinguished by its modesty. To his own work he never referred unless asked about it. But he held himself always at the service of his fellow-teachers, who frequently came to him for advice and assistance. During all the years of his suffering, no one ever heard a murmur, a complaint or any word that indicated unhappiness or discomfort. To us all, it was a marvel how he, in his crippled condition, could manipulate a pen or pencil, or carry on any of the routine work of investigation or instruction.

In the summer of 1907, Dr. Brown retired from active professional work under the provi-

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sions of the Carnegie Foundation. He removed with Mrs. Brown to Ann Arbor, where he and his friends hoped he might be able to continue the literary projects he had in contemplation, foremost among which was the editing of the Belles Lettres Series of English Classics. But the inroads of rheumatism continued; his fingers became still more cramped until it was no longer possible for him to use his books or reference cards. Soon a general decline set in, largely due, perhaps, to the fact that he yearned for the inspiration and stimulus which comes from the classroom and from contact with students. On Monday, the four-

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teenth of September, 1908, he ceased to live.

The funeral ceremonies took place at the family home in Schoolcraft on the morning of the seventeenth. The exercises were simple, consisting of the singing of "Lead, Kindly Light," a short reading from Scripture, and the resolutions of the faculty of which he had been for so many years a valuable member, and concluding with the appreciative lines, "Rest Thee, O Poet," written by Mr. Nathaniel H. Maxwell. The attendants at the funeral were confined to the members of the family, John Miller Burnam, representing the University, and Miss Elizabeth

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Merrill, a former pupil of Professor Brown, and for some time connected with the teaching force of the department of which he was the distinguished head. These and a few old neighbors constituted the entire assemblage. In the family lot of the village cemetery the body was laid to rest beside those of his parents.

So passed the body that had been the home of a great soul, the head that had been the temple of a powerful mind.

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THE BOY OF THE FARM

The influence of the years spent on the old farm, with his soul attuned to the harmonies of Nature, was ever a potent force in the appreciative sympathy which characterized the literary work and teaching of Dr. Brown's later years. With Wordsworth, he had learned in childhood that "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her," and it was this spontaneous love of Nature underlying his rigorous scholarship which gave to his teaching a completeness not often equaled. The following extract from a letter written by Dr. Brown to a friend, in August, 1908, is given in this place as supplementing the sketch of Dr. Burnam.

While I was ill I thought much of early life on the old farm, and particularly of how good the water tasted from the stone well that stood at the corner of the house. The tired boy used to come running up to it and let down the iron-bound bucket, which went hurrying into the cool, dark depths, with much rat-

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tling of the windlass, the boy's small hands not making a strong break on the cylinder. Then, striking the sparkling water with a thump, while the gazing boy felt the coolness rise against his hot face, the bucket quickly ducked down, under the weight of the heavy iron ball and the iron chain. And now came the slow drawing up, with many a turn of the windlass crank, not easy work for the boy. At last it is at the curb and safely landed, brimming with dripping coolness; then down goes the tin dipper and the boy drinks great draughts of satisfaction.

And I have thought of the old garden, with its long rows of cur-

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rants, red and white, ripening in the sun, the straggling raspberries, hard to control, and the untrained grapevine, yet promising rich store of juicy clusters; and close by, the ample space where vegetables grew, corn and potatoes, great cucumbers and yellow squash, beans and tomatoes, and all the rich abundance of a well-kept kitchen garden.

And there, just behind the garden, was the orchard, so thick in shade that the sun at noonday could not make his way in, except at wells where some great trees had yielded up the ghost and been removed. In this orchard were trees the boy knew well, on and under which were large, sweet

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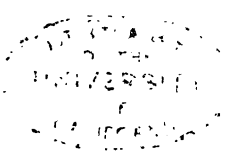
apples of delicious taste, yellow and big as gourds. These the boy must share with birds and bees. All these trees the boy climbed often, and he knew their every limb. Then there were trees of tart, red apples, very good when fully ripe, but much valued by the boy's mother for apple-sauce, and she often sent him on commission to gather a basin or basket of them for her use. Besides these, there was one huge tree that bore plenty of shapely, golden fruit, very firm in texture and of a most delicious flavor, distinguished by a rosy cheek that gave them the name of "Maiden Blush." These, too, were much in demand for apple-sauce.



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The rest of the orchard was mainly fall and winter fruit, to be stored in the cool old cellar for winter evenings. Last of all was a row of pear-trees laden with ripening fruit that would furnish the boy many a delightful munch in the bright October days.

Back of this orchard spread the fields, large and small, where hay and grain and corn were growing and ripening against a background of a shady grove called "The Island." And in these fields, here and there, stood single dark oaks, or little clusters of them, landmarks to the eye, grateful resting-places for the tired laborer at noon or in the burning heat of the later day, and

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a shelter from storms. Here, too, came the sheep, gathering in a close circle, stamping their feet or lying down to chew their cud till the cool of evening.

Behind these fields stretched away the prairie to the blue circle of dark woods that surrounded the whole.

Such were some of the boy's memories as he lay in bed or sat looking out of window these latter weeks. You may think them too simply bucolic, but they pleased the old boy more than anything else he could do. So he has written them down for you, that you may know how his thoughts have been busied and come nearer to his mood.

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A WITNESS AND A MEMORIAL

Delivered by Philip Van Ness Myers at the University.

Eighteen years ago Edward Miles Brown, then in the vigor and strength of young manhood, came to us here to begin his work as a member of the faculty of this University. He soon won the esteem of all, and the affection of those who were privileged to enjoy intimate association and companionship with him. The place thus quickly gained by Dr. Brown in the regard and love of his associates and pupils was acquired by virtue of his splendid qualities of mind and heart. His fine mental gifts, united with the

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laborious habits of the true student, secured for him conceded eminence in scholarship and justly entitled him to the high place he held in the ranks of "those who know."

But it was preëminently Dr. Brown's uncommon qualities of heart and character which made him so great and so beloved a teacher. He was a lovable man. He had a rare faculty for friendship. He inspired in an unusual degree the affection, the deep and lasting affection, of his pupils — of which this gathering here today, where all hearts are tender with a kindred sorrow and bowed with a kindred sense of loss, is a witness and a memorial. The

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passing years did not with him, as too often happens, lessen the warmth and generous spontaneity of his friendships. In the ardent outpourings of his heart to the very last he illustrated

"How far the gulf stream of our youth may flow
Into the arctic regions of our lives."

Dr. Brown had not been long with us before the physical infirmity which was to render all the last years of his life an almost unbroken experience of ache and pain came upon him. This affliction brought him face to face with the baffling mystery of life —the presence in the world of elements and agencies seemingly unfriendly to man. It is easy to

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understand how the early thinkers of Iran should have interpreted the facts of life and the universe in terms of dualism, and have ascribed to the activity of an evil-loving being those forces and agencies which beset man to do him harm, to mar his work, and to hinder him in his progress toward the good ends of life. Such a philosophy has, in truth, appealed even to the Christian mind as a reasonable interpretation and explanation of the strange mingling of good and evil, of beneficent and seemingly malign forces, in the world about us.

Now the great service which our dear friend has rendered us

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lies in the deeper, the truer, and the diviner interpretation which he has helped us to put upon the presence in our lives of these apparently unfriendly elements. He has taught us how, through unfaltering fidelity to duty, through heroic endurance, through unfailing faith, these seemingly hostile forces and baneful elements may be transmuted into ethical values, into character, the supreme product — not a by-product, as some would have us believe — the supreme product of life. He has demonstrated to us the reality of this spiritual alchemy, something which we in moments of defeat, of weariness, of despondency, are ready to de-

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ny. For it was the very thing that so marred his body, and which seemed to threaten to mar his inner life and to impair if not utterly destroy his usefulness, that, through happy transmutation, imparted to that life such an uplift, that invested it with such beauty and attractiveness, and that gave it such a new range of power and influence.

Not by words, but by a rich and beautiful life wrought out of seemingly adverse and malign elements, our friend has taught us anew, and in a way we can not forget, "the moral use of dark things," "the sweet uses of adversity." He has revealed to us with the clearness of light, the good

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will, the benign intention in these things and happenings which we are so prone to fear have in them an evil intent, or at least are the expressions of the indifference of the universe to human lot and destiny.

In a recent memorial service held in appreciation of a great life, a eulogist of the deceased used this simile: "Such a life," he said, "finds its just image in the star which falls out of its place in the sky and out of existence, but whose light still streams with unfaded luster across the abysses of space long after its fires have been extinguished at their source."

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And this is a true image of the life of him whose presence we miss today. He has fallen out of his place in the ranks of men and out of this earthly existence; the fires of his earthly life are quenched; but the light radiated from that beautiful life shall stream out in undimmed brightness across the long years to come, and to the successive generations of youth who shall seek in these academic places inspiration and guidance, will be a beacon, kindled on the frontiers of another world, to guide their footsteps in the path which leads to life's true goal.

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SONNET

To E. M. B.

By Elizabeth Merrill.

When evening's quiet hour sets fancy free
And golden days, now past, return once more,
We think of one we love — not for his store
Of learning and the wisdom that could see
Life's issues clear; but that, unflinchingly
He faced life's problems, and still evermore
Smiling in triumph, heaviest burdens bore.

We think of him and what he'd have us be;
We feel the joy with which he made us know
The world's great souls, showing on many a page
Beauty and truth fast linked in poesy.
Sweet Shakespeare's final faith serene; man's woe,
Struggle and triumph, joy of seer and sage
He showed, and in his own life made us see.

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A LETTER

1033 East University Ave.,
Ann Arbor, Mich.,

October 14, 1907.

My Dear Friends and Former Students — The morning mail brought me a letter, containing a cheque for twelve hundred and seventy dollars, a sum made up by the contributions of many former pupils, and with it such words of love and esteem as much enriched the bountiful gift.

I find myself suddenly poor in thanks, and do not know how to make you understand the deep sense of pleasure that has come upon me in this assurance of

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your affectionate regard. But in such measure as I can I thank you, in humility of spirit, and through you, all those who, in this tangible way, have given expression to their kind remembrance of me.

You have left to me the final form which this substantial gift shall take, and it seems to me that I may perhaps best carry out your wishes on my behalf by using it for the present in purchasing a suitable piece of ground in this pleasant university town, on which to build that modest home of our own, that Mrs. Brown and I have long wished to possess, and by this loving thought of yours may now be brought to a speedier

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and happier realization. But ultimately I wish to make such a disposition of the sum as may contribute to encourage scholarship in English in the university with which I was so long connected, and where I came to know so many bright and gifted young men and young women.

Out of this acquaintance have grown warm friendships that will enrich the remainder of my life, and I am now permitted to feel that I have entered into the teacher's highest reward — the loving remembrance of his pupils — while, with pride and happiness, I see them playing a noble part in the world and gaining for themselves a high place in the es-

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teem of the communities in which they live.

I thank you deeply for giving me so memorable an opportunity of expressing some part of that loving regard which I shall always cherish for those I have known in the intimacy of the classroom.

Very sincerely yours,

EDWARD MILES BROWN.

MISS CAROLINE NEFF MAXWELL AND OTHERS, MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE OF STUDENTS AND FRIENDS.

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THE EDWARD MILES BROWN PRIZE

BY the provisions of his will, Dr. Brown bequeathed to the University the proceeds of the sale of a piece of property in Michigan, part of the old homestead, equivalent to the sum presented him at his retirement. This fund is to become the basis of an annual prize, to be awarded to that member of the senior class who shall have attained the highest degree of excellence in English during the four years' course. This prize is to be known as the Edward Miles Brown Prize for Excellence in English.

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THE BROWN LIBRARY

TO the generous bequest of Dr. Brown, his widow, Mary Adkins Brown, has added the valuable professional library of her husband, a gift precious to the University not only for its intrinsic worth, but also for the cherished associations which cluster about it.

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DAFFODILS

To H. M. G.

BY EDWARD MILES BROWN.

When Wordsworth wrote of Daffodils
They grew in native beauty wild
Beside a lake, among the hills,
The chosen home of Nature's child.

Stretching "in never-ending line,"
They filled so full the poet's heart,
That his deep joy to yours and mine
He gladly hastened to impart.

In memory of that happy day,
These daffodils to me you bring
In the close city shut away
From the late coming of the spring.

Their double petals did not bloom
Where April winds go piping free,
They opened in a narrow room,
Nor felt the lack of liberty.

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But still their golden faces glow
As fresh as in that elder time,
When Nature set her flowers arow,
To fill with joy a poet's rhyme.

Then many thanks for their bright faces;
Whate'er the weight of Nature's ills,
My heart remembers country places,
And "dances with the Daffodils."

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AN APPRECIATION

Spoken at the University by Bryant Venable.

IN this day of aggressive materialism, when the money-changers threaten to drive the prophets from the temples, it is well that we should commune together for a little space with the memory of one whose soul went forth and held converse with the voice from Sinai and the Burning Bush.

In the doing of the world's work, under the unremitting pressure of modern civilization, our tendency is ever away from the eternal verities; our ideas become warped, our perspective distorted, we mistake the signs for

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the things signified, wealth for worth, display for beauty, applause for character, place for achievement. We follow the mob and lavish our plaudits on the men who do big things, forgetting the very names of those philosophers and sages who, throughout the centuries, have nurtured the thought-germs of which great deeds are the fruitage.

But the poet, the thinker, still sways and ever has swayed the destinies of mankind. It is the dreamer of dreams and the seer of visions who bears with him the "promise and potency of a faith which makes for righteousness," for the service of his fellow-men, and of Everlasting Truth.

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Edward Miles Brown

Any summary of a man's life, however replete with stirring event and notable achievement, any estimate of a man's work, however fraught with worthy accomplishment and example of worldly wisdom, any tribute to a man's memory, however opulent of praise and acclaim, must be vain and vacuous if it bear not with it the recognition of those moral and spiritual attributes which tend to ennoble and uplift our lives.

For the measure of human living is not in years, but in use. The ultimate standards by which our earthly courses shall be gauged are not the metes and bounds of what we have amassed

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unto ourselves, but what we have given out to others. The capacity for service, like the affections, grows stronger the more freely it spends itself.

In terms of years, Dr. Brown was not an old man; he died untimely. But the light of the spirit illumined the pathway of his days and transcended the limitations of the flesh. Of dauntless courage and noble fortitude, he bore in uncomplaining patience the afflictions before the assaults of which one of less heroic mold would have surrendered half-score years ago. Day by day and month by month, as the inroads of his malady deprived him of the freedom of the body, the mind

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and soul of the man entered into ever larger freedom and more perfect liberty. For every loss of physical power, some divine law of compensation gave birth to an added spiritual grace. Suffering sweetened, softened, mellowed him, and those who knew him best bear testimony that the years of his daily crucifixion were the richest, fullest, sweetest years of his entire career.

It is not easy to speak of the personal characteristics of a departed friend. His public record, the work he has accomplished, the books he has written, remain as monuments to his activity. But of those qualities of the man himself which compelled to honor

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and awakened love — who shall speak without the consciousness that he is treading on holy ground?

During the years in which it was my privilege to be associated with Dr. Brown, first as a student, later as his assistant, I learned to know him primarily as the scholar and the teacher. Thorough, painstaking, with scholastic ideals which countenanced no superficiality, he was an exacting master and a stalwart guide. But to him the precisions of scholarship were never in themselves an end — rather, the means to an end. That end, always in view to him who, with Merlin, had the impulse to "fol-

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low the gleam," that end was life itself, the life beautiful, the life moral, the life serviceable.

To a singular degree Dr. Brown, in his teaching and living, confirmed the dictum of Carlyle, which identifies poetry and morality, the creed of Browning which declares the essential unity of truth and beauty. Deeply sensitive, instinctively chivalrous, modest almost to a fault, he was ever a kindly critic and an unselfish seeker after the light of progressive revelation. He cared little for praise nor ever strove for popular applause; yet no man was more genuinely appreciative of the loving approbation of those who constituted the inner circle

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of his friends. Steadfast to his ideals, warm in his affections, keen for the truth and intolerant of sham and hypocrisy, it was of such as he that the poet of the West, amid the lengthening shadows of his years, sang:

"There is no glory worth a moment's thought
Save that which links the memory of a man
To some fair order out of chaos wrought
By him creating on creation's plan.

"His work it is that lifts the human life;
While others lead by law's and battle's might,
He rises into calm above the strife
And sets new guiding stars along the night."

A fair order was his life, and to us who abide in the reflection of that glory, must remain a

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memory which will make for braver living, more loving patience, ampler service; the memory of those high moral and intellectual attainments which make the very fact of living eloquent.

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LINES TO C. W.

BY EDWARD MILES BROWN.

Sojourning in a foreign land
Where the blue sky and snowy mountains meet,
While far beneath their fir-embosomed feet
Stretches Lake Leman's chateau-circled strand,
And the waves smile as if the whole were planned
For man's enjoyment; let me far off greet
You lying passive in that fair retreat,
Pondering the mystery of that dread command
By which men suffer. From the level plain
Earth's throes have raised the mountains; purer air
Bathes their high tops and rugged sides, besprent
With shining snow. So all the heights of pain
Reach upward to the heavens, meeting there
The eternal blue of love omnipotent.

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LINES

To E. M. B.

BY NATHANIEL HAMILTON MAXWELL.

[The following verses were written on the night after Dr. Brown's death.]

Rest thee, O Poet!
The love of all things pure burned in thy heart,
Flamed from thy kindly eye.
Thy Fancy, all unprisoned, trod the summer field,
Spreading the tangled grass.
All hills, far echoes, down-tumbling waters
Held thee enrapt; thou stoodst
'Twixt roaring cliff and ocean's endless storm,
The uprolling mist cooling thy brow.

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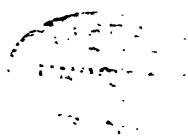
Edward Miles Brown

Rest thee, O Sage!
Eternally, the present yielded thee
eternal import.
The dimming ages gave thee heroes
for companions,
Answered thy smile with kingly sal-
utations of the past.
Each fleeting day told of a thousand
years,
Proclaiming human growth, the im-
memorial law.

Rest thee, O Man!
Thy knightly glance yielded no hint
of pain.
Amid the shattering powers that
smote thee,
Thou stoodst serene, with knightly
smile.
Rest thee, O Prince!
Rest thee, O Brother-man!



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